THE

Poetical Magazine,

FOURTH NUMBER,

August, 1809.

——————poetica surgit
Tempestas.————— JUVENAL.

"The poetic Storm arises."

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[*Continued from p.* 119.]

With a Plate.

Bless'd be the man, said he of yore,
Who Quixote's lance and target bore!
Bless'd be the man who first taught sleep
Throughout our wearied frames to creep;
And kindly gave to human woes
Th' oblivious mantle of repose!
Hail, balmy pow'r! that canst repair
The constant waste of human care;
Canst to the heart afford relief,
And give a respite to its grief;
Canst calm, through night's composing hours,
The threat'ning storm that daily low'rs;
On the rude flint the wretched cheer,
And to a smile transform the tear!
Thus, rapt in slumbers, Syntax lay,—
Forgot the troubles of the day:
So sound his sleep, so sweet his rest,
By no disturbing dreams opprest;

That, all at ease, he lay entranc'd,
Till the fair morn was so advanc'd,
That the kind hostess thought it wrong
He should be left to sleep so long:
So bid the maid to let him know
That breakfast was prepar'd below.
Betty then op'd the chamber-door,
And, tripping onward 'cross the floor,
Undrew the curtains, one by one,
And, in a most ear-piercing tone,
Such as would grace the London cries,
She told him it was time to rise.
The noise his peaceful slumbers broke;—
He gave a snort,—and then he woke.

Now, as the Doctor turn'd his head,
Betty was court'sying by the bed:—
"What brought you here, fair maid, I pray?"—
"To tell you, Sir, how wears the day;
"To ask you what I should prepare,
"To serve you for your morning's fare.
"The kettle boils, and I can boast
"No small renown for making toast.
"There's coffee, Sir, and tea, and meat,
"And surely you must want to eat;
"For twelve long hours have pass'd away
"Since down upon this bed you lay."
The Doctor rubb'd his op'ning eyes,
Then stretch'd his arms, and 'gan to rise:
But Betty still beside him stands,
To wait his Rev'rence's commands.
"Begone," he cried, "get something nice,
"And I'll be with you in a trice."

Behold him then, renew'd by rest,
His chin well shav'd, his peruke drest,

Conning with solemn air the news,
His welcome breakfast to amuse.
At length the well-fed meal was o'er,
And Grizzle order'd to the door;
When Betty's told without delay,
To name the sum there was to pay.
Betty, obedient to his will,
Her court'sy makes, and gives the bill.
Down the long page he cast his eye,
Then shook his head, and heav'd a sigh.
" What! am I doom'd, where'er I go,
" In all I meet to find a foe?
" Where'er I wander to be cheated,
" To be bamboozled and ill-treated?"
Thus, as he read each item o'er,
The hostess op'd the parlour-door;
When Syntax rose in solemn state,
And thus began the fierce debate:—

SYNTAX.

" Good woman, here, your bill retake,
" And, prithee, some abatement make:
" I could not such demands afford,
" Were I a Bishop or a Lord;
" And though I hold myself as good
" As any of my brotherhood,
" Howe'er, by bounteous Fortune crown'd,
" In wealth and honours they abound,
" I cannot boast that I can pay
" Such bills as these as well as they.
" This paper fills me with affright;—
" I surely do not read it right;
" For, at the bottom here, I see
" Th' enormous sum of—one pound, three!"

HOSTESS.

" The charges all are fairly made;
" If you will eat, I must be paid.

" My bills have never found reproaches
" From Lords and Ladies, in their coaches.
" This house, that's call'd the Royal Crown,
" Is the first inn within the town;
" And the best gentry, ev'ry day,
" Become my guests, and freely pay:
" Besides, I took you in at night,
" Half-dead with hunger and affright,
" Just scap'd from robbers"——

SYNTAX.

—————— " That's most true,
" And now I'm to be robb'd by you."

HOSTESS.

" You're a vile man; and did not I
" Disdain rude words, I'd say—you lie.
" I took you in last night, I say."—

SYNTAX.

" 'Tis true;—and, if this bill I pay,
" You'll *take me in* again, to-day."

HOSTESS.

" I gave you all my choicest cheer,
" My best beef-steaks, my strongest beer;
" And then you snor'd yourself to rest
" In the best bed,—I say, the best.
" You've had such tea as few can boast,
" With a whole loaf turn'd into toast."

SYNTAX.

" And for your beef, and beer, and tea,
" You kindly charge me—one pound, three!"

HOSTESS.

" 'Tis cheap as dirt,—for well I know
" How things with country Curates go;
" And I profess that I am loth
" To deal unkindly with the cloth:
" Nay, oft and oft, as I'm a sinner,
" I've given hungry Clerks a dinner."

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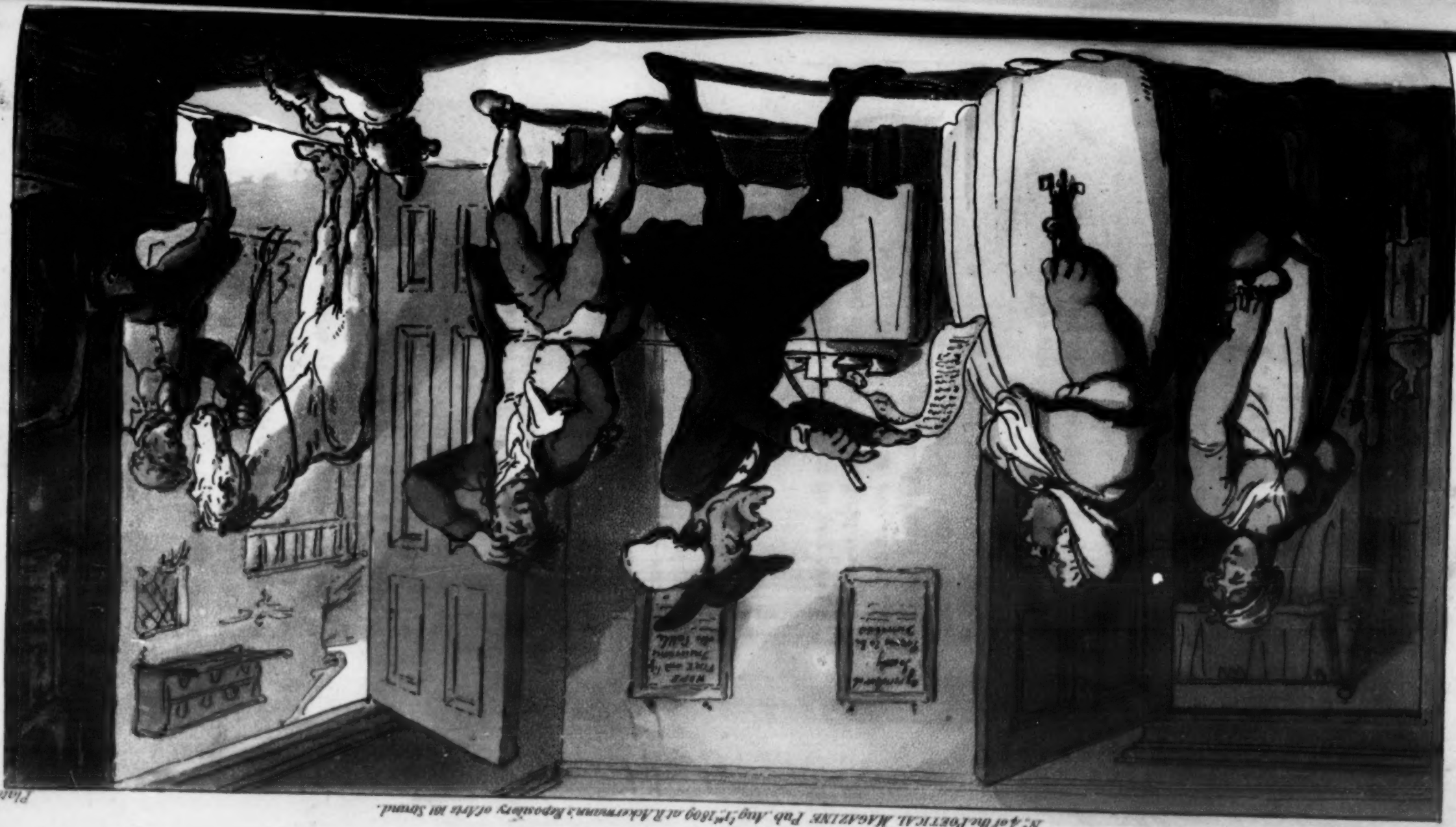


N.4 of the POETICAL MAGAZINE. Pub. Aug.1st 1809 at R.Ackermann's Repository of Arts 101 Strand.

Plate 8.

SYNTAX.

" And there's a proverb, as they say,
" That for the Clerks the Parsons pay;
" Which you, I trow, can well fulfil,
" Whene'er you make a Parson's bill.
" Why, one pound, three, the truth I speak,
" Would keep my household for a week.
" Dear Mrs. Syntax, how she'd vapour
" Were she to read this curious paper!"

HOSTESS.

" If that's your living, on my life
" You starve your household and your wife."

SYNTAX.

" I wish my wife were here to meet you,
" In your own fashion she would greet you;
" With looks as fierce, and voice as shrill,
" She'd make you, Mistress, change your bill."

HOSTESS.

" Think you, besides, there's nought to pay
" For all your horse's corn and hay?
" And ointments too, to cure the ail
" Of his cropp'd ears and mangled tail!"

SYNTAX.

" I wish the wight would bring the shears
" Which dock'd that tail and cropp'd those ears,
" And just exert the self-same skill
" To crop and dock your monstrous bill.
" But, I'm in haste to get away,
" Tho' one pound, three, I will not pay;
" So, if you'll take one half th' amount,
" We'll quickly settle the account.
" There is the money, do you see?
" And let us part in charity."

HOSTESS.

" Well, as a charitable deed,
" I'll e'en consent—so, mount your steed,
" And on your journey straight proceed ;
" But well you know, where'er you roam,
" That charity begins at home."

[*To be continued.*]

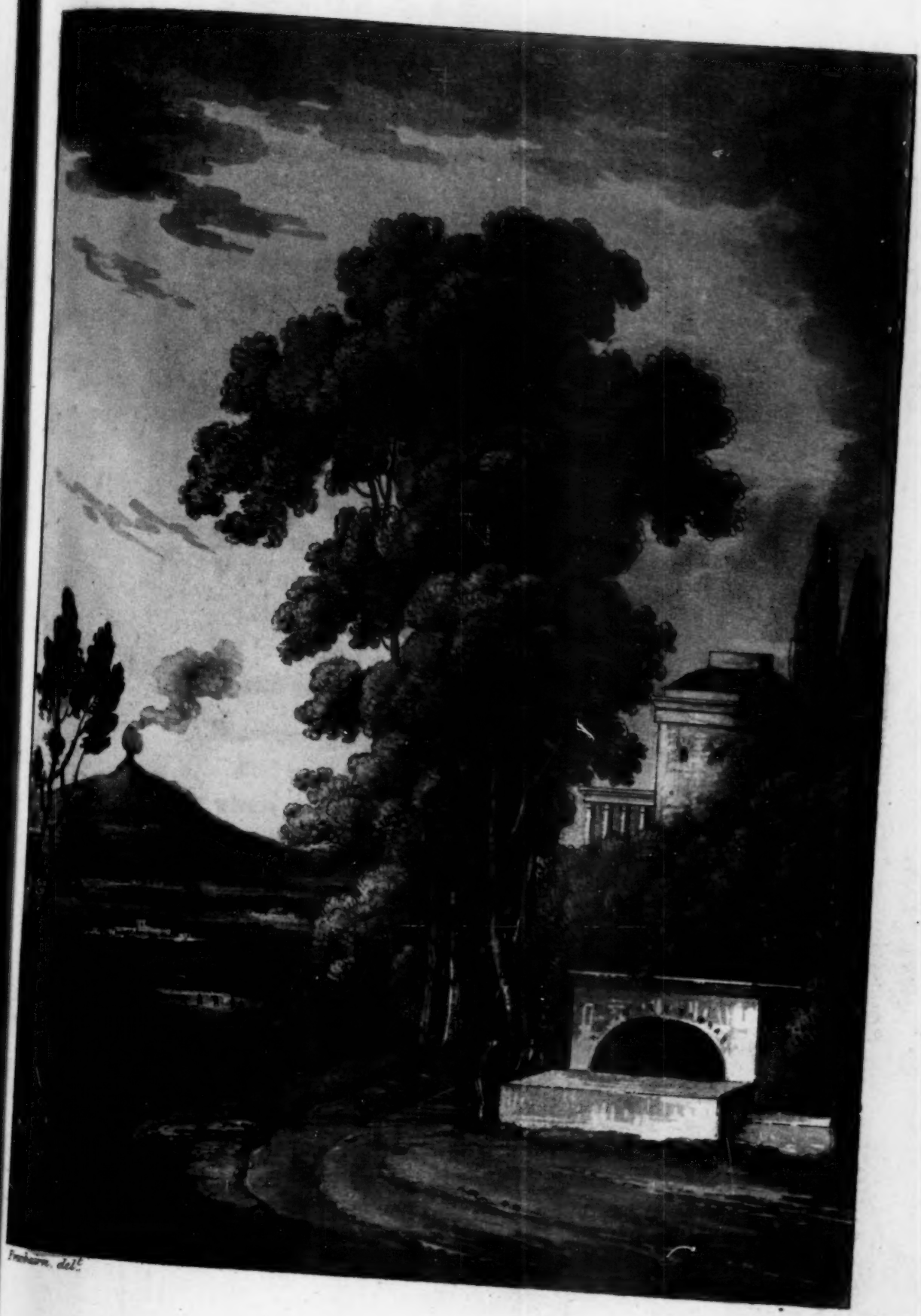
ODE.

A SCENE NEAR NAPLES.

[With a Plate.]

No more beneath thy genial clime,
No more beneath thy azure sky,
Where the bold Appenines, sublime,
Time's corroding hand defy ;
No more, Italia, 'neath thy citron groves,
The peaceful Muse in contemplation roves.
Ill-fated country ! what avail
Thy perfum'd air, thy myrtle bowers,
Thy golden fruitage and thy painted flowers ?
Ah ! what avail the sacred store
Of antique art and classic lore ;
Thy splendid porticos, that rival Greece,
And all the glowing arts of Peace ?
For War's insatiate hosts thy realms assail,
And Gallia's upstart tyrant Lord
Waves o'er thy scatter'd states th' usurping sword.

Rome, once the queen of arts and arms,
Imperial mistress of the world,
Hears, unresisting, war's alarms,
And sees the hostile flag unfurl'd.
Full many a tranquil age had pass'd,
Since the loud trumpet's warlike blast



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A VIEW *near* NAPLES.

N.4 of the POETICAL MAGAZNE Pub. Aug.T.st 1809. at R.Ackermann's Repository of Arts 101 Strand.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

Announc'd the unrelenting foe,
That laid her stately beauties low;
When sacred dome, and royal tower,
Sunk beneath the Spoiler's power;
When Sculpture's boasted forms, and many a patriot bust,
Felt the rude Victor's arms, and mingled with the dust.

But now new Vandals rise, new Goths appear,
By love of spoil and rapine led,
Who 'gainst Religion's self uplift the spear;
Religion bows, resign'd, its mitred head,
And patient sees its holy rites profan'd;
Its temples ravag'd, and its altars stain'd;—
Nor other arms doth it oppose,
To stay the plunder of its foes,
Than the meek pray'r and silent tear.
Vain are its prayers;—its tears are vain:
Gallia her legion'd robbers pours
On fair Campania's wide domain,
And Baiæ's woody shores.

But now her hostile banners fly,
And now her num'rous bands are led
To where Vesuvius rears its awful head;—
Far less destructive, when it throws
Its burning bowels to the sky;
When down its side the fiery river flows
T' affright the Ocean's briny wave;—
Far less destructive than the foes,
Whose glory is to spoil, to plunder, and enslave!
But disappointment glooms the crest
Of the usurping Robber's pride;
How sharp the rancour of his breast,
When, as the portals open wide
At his command, no regal state
Will on his haughty summons wait!

Bless'd SICILY! that could afford
A safe asylum to thy Sovereign Lord:
Nor shalt thou fear the Gallic host,
That, from Calabria's rugged coast,
Darts the fierce threat, but threats in vain,
While BRITAIN guards thy shores and ambient main.

A FAMILIAR AND DESCRIPTIVE TALE.

[*Continued from p.* 159.]

AUTHOR.—But yet in this we must agree,
Some opposition there should be,
To check a Minister of State,
Who dares our rights to violate;
Or seize, like rav'nous birds of prey,
The loaves and fishes of the day.

FRIEND.—Right; but let th' Opposition plan
Attack the measures, not the man;
Nor, urg'd by jealousy alone,
Scourge ev'ry statesman to the bone:
If guilty, bring him to the bar,
But lay aside each pettish spar:
'Tis faction—and the House degrades,
And never pleases, or persuades.
But here to politics adieu,
And something lighter let's pursue;
Some subject of another kind,
More genial to my playful mind.

AUTHOR.—You could not please me more, my friend,
And I'll my best endeavours lend;
For I began, I own, to fear
More politics were in the rear;
And all I wish'd was to make known
The strange amusements of the town;

To hear and learn a little law,
If I, perchance, should make a flaw;
But here I nothing could explore—
Mere *war of words*, or little more;
For what appeared to me the right
Was argued soon quite out of sight.
From hence to 'Change I took my walk,
Where bulls and bears I found in talk;
But, such their language, you would swear
An hundred female scolds were there:—
Some bawling out—" I buy! I buy!"
Others, " I sell! I sell!" the cry;
Till, almost deafen'd with their yell,
I bade the bulls and bears farewell;
And next I bent my way to where
Our painting artists have their share,
With all that boasted classic fame,
To which the ancients lay such claim;
And here our artists bring to view,
All that a Claude or Raphael knew.
To Garnier's, next, I took my line,
As feeling now 'twas time to dine:
But here I'll stop to take my meal,
And in my next the rest reveal.

[*To be continued.*]

ANSWER TO THE CLASSICAL ENIGMA
IN NO. III. OF THE POETICAL MAGAZINE.

KIND EDITOR,

PERMIT me to impart
The grateful feelings of a happy heart:
May ev'ry Muse with pleasure crown your days,
And the sweet joyous theme of well-earn'd praise
Assist, and bless your arduous hopes to please,
Thro' a long life of comfort, and of ease!

If not fatigu'd already with my strain,
Permit me, Sir, to versify again:
In strange amaze I read Belinda's letter *,
But, knowing Lady M., I went, and met her
At the gay masquerade; she sweetly smil'd;
But, with no Spanish Patriot beguil'd,
The fond protector of the lovely Nun
Was—Arbiter Elegantiarum.
Is he a four-in-hand bewitching youth,
And has she sacrific'd her vows, forsooth?
'Tis all discover'd now, he did indite
What she, a love-sick maid, did fondly write.
The fair Belinda, else, could ne'er submit
To yield to false improvement taste and wit;
For we're resolv'd no liveries to wear,
As our unalter'd protest does declare:
With this tyrannic law he must dispense,
Yield to our mandate, and acknowledg'd sense.
Thus ruminating, with the throng I mixt,
Till all my wand'ring thoughts were firmly fixt—
Were fixt with arduous wishes to reveal
What Classical Enigmas would conceal.
A group, in honour to your Magazine,
Pass'd graceful on, in emblematic mien—
The fair Augusta as their patron queen.

Prometheus, once, so arrogant and bold,
Whose dreaded torture Heathen tales have told,
Rov'd here, delighted with his harmless bird,
To scenes of bliss and harmony preferr'd:
The tuneful *Orpheus*, erst so full of woes,
Now in *Elysium's* groves his cares foregoes;
The friends of *Tartarus* have lost their pow'r
To keep his love, or blast the genial hour.

---

* Vide Ackermann's Repository, p. 48.

To *Ithaca's* fair queen, whose constant heart
From *Cupid's* first embrace would ne'er depart,
Kind Fate restores the lord her bosom priz'd;
Again connubial bliss is realiz'd!
Tho' dire revenge *Althea's* bosom fir'd,
'Twas turn'd to anguish when her son expir'd;
The river *Lethe's* waves, in sportive glee,
Wash'd o'er the retrospective pang of misery.
Minerva next approach'd, in martial mien,
Tho' dazzling bright, yet temp'rate and serene.
The stern *Achilles*, once so fam'd and fear'd,
With calm serenity of brow appear'd;
A *Gordian* knot was here for skill display'd,
Which all in sportive playfulness essay'd;
And *Ariadne* with fond *Zephyr* stray'd.
Ixion paus'd, melodious sounds to hear,
For, warbling *Nightingales* were hov'ring near;
While *Echos'* ever-soothing notes prolong
The blissful scene, and charm the happy throng:
These met together, at Apollo's shrine,
To form POETICAL & MAGAZINE.

AZELI.

SOLUTION OF THE CLASSICAL ENIGMA IN THE LAST NUMBER.

Prometheus 'twas, who stole the Sun's pure flame
To make clay live, and look like man's fair frame:
Orpheus it was, whose music, poets tell,
Made trees and rocks admire, he play'd so well:
Elysium was the paradise of old,—
This, too, by ancient poets we are told;
And *Tartarus*, the opposite, is known,
Where wicked spirits raise their bitter moan.
In *Ithaca* the virtuous fair, they say,
Undid at night what she had done by day:

Cupid is that sly pow'r, whose artful wiles
Steal ev'ry heart, by Beauty's winning smiles:
Althea threw the brand into the fire,
On which a life depended—Fate, how dire!
But *Lethe's* stream, 'tis said, can steal away
Each thought that on the soul of man can prey.
Minerva, Wisdom's goddess, or I'm sinning,
Arachne chang'd t' a spider, for her spinning;
Achilles, Thetis' son, could never feel
A mortal blow, unless upon his heel;
But Paris, taking once his bow and arrow,
Popp'd on the place, and kill'd him like a sparrow.
The *Gordian* knot was tied so truly fast,
That Alexander cut it through, at last;
Theseus left *Ariadne* to lament,
But Bacchus married her, and gave content;
The *Zephyr* sweetly spreads his breath around,
When Sol's meridian beams too hot are found:
Ixion of kind favours falsely boasting,
Upon a wheel the gods soon set a-roasting;
Think of his fate, ye flutt'ring sons of ton,
Like him ye boast of bliss, when ye have none:
Rather than that, go to the rural shade,
And, when the robe of night enwraps the glade,
List to the *Nightingale's* soft-murmur'd song,
Whilst *Echo* shall the melody prolong;
Or, if ye like not that, look through these lines,
And scan each word that in Italics shines;
Mark their initials; and, when they're combin'd,
POETICAL & MAGAZINE you'll find;
Take in the work, peruse it fairly through,
You'll find some lessons that may better you;
And, if a spark of genius gilds your brain,
Pour forth your feelings in poetic strain;
Send it to Ackermann, and soon you'll trace
Each line of yours among the rhyming race;

For Ackermann's a friendly man of feeling,
And just, I'm sure, in his poetic dealing;
At least I've found him so; for me, that's well,—
His friend and correspondent,
July 4, 1809. J. M. L.

THE KISS, BY MOON-LIGHT.

A SONG.

All by the pale light of the Moon,
I pensively stole thro' the grove,
Where oft the sweet Nightingale's tune
Had taught me to sing of my love.

No sooner I warbled an air,
And Echo repeated the sound,
Than Corydon lent it his ear,
And nimbly tripp'd over the ground.

When, seizing with rapture my hand,
He rudely proceeded to kiss;
I gave him the frown of command,
And told him I took it amiss.

If so, we must thus make amends,
Cry'd Corydon, sighing a strain,
By living, in future, like friends,
And giving my kiss back again.

I fain would his offer refuse,
And left him a little in pet;
But thought I could ne'er be excus'd,
On parting, to be in his debt.

So blushingly gave him a kiss,
And sighing, to bid him adieu;
When such was my rapture and bliss,
I could not resist giving *two*.

Lambeth-Road.

THE LAST DROP.

To cheer his half-dejected soul,
Sir Tobit call'd for t'other bowl:
Obsequious Jane, in due decorum,
Obedient, set it down before him.
" Hold," cries a critic, " search the print,
" The deuce of e'er a Jane is in't."
" Why, faith, that's true; 'tis as you say;
" But we'll suppose her gone away,

" To fetch (for she was very handy)
" More water, tho', some think, more brandy;
" But be't as 'twill, concerning Jane,
" We poets are allow'd to feign;
" And so, to leave all words about her,
" I'll tell the very truth, without her."
The bowl was brought: so 'twas; but how,
Concerns not me or you to know;
Or whether fill'd with wine or water,
It is not worth inquiring a'ter:
Tho' it may easily be guess'd
Which of the two my friend lov'd best,
Who always placed, howe'er disgracing,
His *summum bonum* in his basin:
(To have said bowl might have been better,
But then we must consult our metre:)
But to return from our digression,
And wave this subject for a fresh one;—
He with delight the blessing ev'd,
And, both his arms extending wide,
Close grasp'd the bowl, and as he fell on,
Toasted " The King," and drank a gallon;
Down his wide throat the liquor passes,
For soakers scorn the use of glasses.
My sad Muse, to the task unequal,
With heavy heart relates the sequel:
Long was Sir Tobit thus employ'd,
Nor thought of any thing beside;
But grim Death, stepping in the while,
" Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile;"—
Then clapp'd his cold paw on his shoulder,
And, with a threat'ning voice, cry'd " Hold, Sir!
" Your hour is up; see there the glass!"—
" And must I leave thee, then? alas!"
Sir Tobit cry'd; " I prithee, stop,
" And let me take a farewell drop:

" My life I yield with all my soul;
" But, oh! in mercy, spare my bowl!
" Let not my last suit be denied,
" 'Tis all I ask;"—he said, and died!

W. BOWLES.

THE POET'S DELIVERANCE.

ONE even, as solus and thoughtful I sat,
The fire had gone out, and my candle expir'd,
When a happy idea came into my pate,
And, tho' frosty the weather, I felt myself fir'd.

By instinct, in transport, I caught at a pen,
And proceeded, on paper, directly to mark
This new happy thought, while it yet might remain,
When I saw myself head over ears in the dark.

What was now to be done? Most alarming the doom,
To lose such a rapture for want of a light;
'Twas enough to envelop my spirits in gloom,
And to quench the idea, which yet shone so bright.

But, lo! on a sudden, to mid-day it grew!
My casement was brighten'd, the glory drew nigh'r;
Still guarding my charge, to the port-hole I flew,
And discover'd the opposite house was on fire!

Bad, bad is the wind that blows nobody good,—
Had not this taken place at the time when it did,
My idea, alas! had been drown'd in the flood
Of thick darkness, my ink that had recently hid.

My thought I committed to paper's good care,
Besieg'd, as with bombshells, in danger and fright;
And I paid, for my pleasure, the loss of my hair—
Ah! the hazard of hunting ideas by night.

My hat, rather large, had dropp'd into the street,
And a flake of combustibles lodg'd on my head,
But was duly put out by profusion of sweat,
And with joy I retir'd, quite in comfort, to bed.

There, never regarding the bustle without,
By the genial warmth I recover'd my tone;
And ages to come will rejoice, never doubt,
In this fire, I hope, happy for me not alone.

S.

TO THE HONOURABLE LADY C—. J—.

FROM HER MONKEY,

On his Banishment for tearing a Leaf out of a Book, requesting that England might be the Place of his Exile.

By Mr. HENRY E——.

The humble petition of sorrowful Peter,
With submission is set forth as follows—in metre:—

I think, if I'm rightly inform'd of my crime,
For which I am banish'd, it seems thus in rhyme:—
For tearing of books, for mischief, and stealing,
And tricks of all sorts, from the ground to the ceiling.

As mankind pretend to be govern'd by laws,
I claim a just right to be heard in *my* cause,
Which I found upon reason, and wrap up in rhyme,
Altho' not the practice of courts in our time;
For in law, I must say, tho' perhaps not in season,
Proceedings are almost *without rhyme or reason.*
All culprits are punish'd if Lord Coke says true,
Not from love of *revenge*, but from harm that they do;
On this common practice my pleadings I found,
And the cause of the *books* will soon fall to the ground.
There never was book, I'll be bold to engage,
Above all, in our days, but might well spare a page;

And the public, as well as most authors, might look
With smiles on a monkey devouring a book.
'Tis as well for an author, I'll be on my oath,
To be eat by an *ape* as by critic or moth;
And then, as for reading, all wits have confess'd it,
You never can profit, unless you digest it;
And monkeys and men, from the north to the south,
Can only digest what they put in their mouth.
Much more might be said, if I chose to enlarge,
But I'd rather proceed to the rest of my charge.

To blame me for *mischief*, and tax me with *stealing*,
Is surely a want of all sense and all feeling;
For Nature, who ripens the figs and the grapes,
No nearer akin is to man than to apes;
'Tis because you are stronger you seize upon all,
And the weakest, 'tis certain, must go to the wall;
But the fair teeming earth, our beautiful mother,
Loves Peter as dearly as Adam his brother.

As for *tricks* of all kinds, of which I'm accus'd,
I deny that they're tricks, and protest I'm abus'd.
Equipp'd as I am, in my shabby old gray,
I dare not adventure what fine folks may say.
Each pitiful, ignorant, gingerbread varlet,
Each ape of eighteen, in gold lace and scarlet,
Has a right, to be sure, on all subjects to chatter,
Tho' Peter, perhaps, may know more of the matter.
Could Peter, I speak with respect and submission,
By some lucky chance get an ensign's commission;
I see you all laugh; but, titter away,
I'm not the first monkey, I'll venture to say;
'Tis no such great matter to play well at cards,
And I think I should soon be the *ton* in the Guards:
I'm fit for all matters, except a court-martial;
There my likeness to man might make me too partial.

As to height, to be sure, I confess I'm not tall,
But Ancram and I might parade thro' the Mall;
And a bag from Miss Brace, or a good hand-ome wig,
Would, I think, pretty soon set on foot an intrigue:
What might not be done with my air and my shape,
When the fashion of courts is to look like an ape?
What challenges! duels! what quarrels and slaughters!
What tears would be shed over spouses and daughters!
What groups, in the anguish of cutting a horn,
Would wish, in despair, I had never been born!
Tho', faith, I'm afraid, to my shame I should see
Five hundred much more like to monkeys than me;
And, mad for some fair, might steal out to meet her,
And find her eloping with some other Peter:
Yet, in spite of those rubs, I should have the renown
To be one of the finest young fellows in town.

Then, if exile's my fate, I implore, with a tear,
To be shipp'd off for England, for there is my sphere:
If to this last request you start an objection,
My cousin Tom E. has pledg'd his protection,
I suppose, like the Scotch, *on account of connexion.*

L'ARRIVEE DU PRINTEMPS.

Cieux, reprenez l'eclat de vos couleurs!
O, terre! pare toi de tes plus belles fleurs!
Bosquets, que de l'hiver depouilla la froidure,
Ne craignez plus la rigueur des frimats;
De vos ombrages frais deployez la verdure.
O, fleurs! charmantes fleurs, renaissez sous nos pas.

Ruisseaux, faites partout jaillir votre onde pure;
Le Dieu qui préside aux saisons,
Commande aux furieux Aquilons
De ne plus desormais troubler votre murmure.

Aimable fruit des ombres et du jour
Croissez gazons, Zephir protege votre enfance:
Croissez en paix et tour à tour
Offrez des sieges à l'amour,
Et des plaisirs à l'innocence.

Quittez l'enceinte des hameaux,
Bergers nattez les pas de vos nombreux troupeaux.
Laissez l'agneau bondir sur ces riantes plaines;
Qu'il étanche sa soif aux bords de ces fontaines;
Qu'il se delasse aux pieds de ces ormeaux.

Oiseaux abandonnez vos lointaines retraites,
Aimables fugitifs revenez parmi nous,
Le ciel n'est plus en proie aux neiges aux tempetes,
Sur nous régnent des dieux plus tendres et plus doux.
Heureux qui dans le sein des terres etrangères
Peut gouter comme vous le séduisant espoir
De triompher du Sort et de bientot revoir
L'heureux asile de ses peres.

N. FRAISINET.

TO MARIA.

WHEN confus'd, lovely charmer! before you I stand,
And respect does my passion to silence command;
Have my sighs ne'er explain'd the fond pangs of my breast,
Or my eyes' downcast languor my feelings exprest?
Ah! believe me my silence (as witness this tear)
Than fluent expression is far more sincere;
It is caused by affectionate fear to displease,
But eloquence springs from a bosom at ease.

Whilst a lover's fond anguish is sport to your sex,
Who drive him to madness, his passion to fix;
As superior in charms, be superior in mind,
And allow him, if constant, to hope you'll be kind.

M. C.

THE BARBER, THE PREACHER, AND THE BEARDS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

In a village there liv'd a gay barber, we're told,
Whose principal business was shaving;
But he sometimes drew teeth,—and the rogue was so bold,
He drew blood too,—the surgeons all braving.

And, would you believe it? he was not content
With the six days, commencing on Monday;
But must lather and shave ev'ry bumpkin who went
To be scrap'd and hear news on a Sunday.

We all know how famous a barber's shop is
For news and political chatter;
So that while he was polishing man's outward phiz,
He was storing within useful matter.

But a neighbour he had, who was known for a saint,
Of truth a most audible preacher;
Now he wish'd on the barber to lay some restraint,
And to be of his conscience the teacher.

But the barber, so wicked, lik'd pence, we are told,
At least he preferr'd them to praying;
Or else his religion had grown rather cold;
Kind reader, you know there's no saying.

Be this as it may, he pursued his sad course,
Till the preacher could bear it no longer;
Therefore he determined to stop him by force,
As being, than argument, stronger.

So when Sunday arriv'd, lo! he went to the field,
At the door of his foe, or my chart errs;
And, to answer at once as a weapon and shield,
He took Fox's Book of the Martyrs.

Here he stopp'd all the sinners, with beards black and
grim,
And told them that he had much rather
They'd stop and receive some good counsel from him,
For their souls stood in need of a lather;—

Said he knew that their souls were o'ergrown with sin's
beard,
And to *shave them* he long'd most sincerely;
For *this* more than that on the chin must be fear'd,
And, says he, "Pray don't think this a queer lie."

Now the barber grew warm, as, indeed, who would not?
For his good friends, the Beards, all stood neuter;
So, arming with brush full of lather, quite hot,
And shielded by basin of pewter,

He rush'd to the charge, and the poor preacher's rear
First felt the effects of the battle;
But he wheel'd quickly round, and, undaunted by fear,
On the barber's head bade his book rattle.

Dire and long was the conflict; each party was brave;
Men but seldom are seen to fight braver;
'Twas a contest of faith 'gainst the man who could
shave,
But, alas! Fortune smil'd on the shaver:

For, seeing the preacher's mouth open for air,
He popp'd his brush presently in it;
Then, with basin of pewter, on head that was bare,
He dealt deadly blows in a minute.

Faith fell, gentle reader! but soon rose again;
Yet his head was too tender for fighting;
Whilst the Beards, wicked rogues, wagg'd their chins at
his pain;
Oh, shame! in such sad scenes delighting!

The preacher then went from the field far away,
Revenge in his bosom to harbour;
And he vow'd that the law should decide 'bout the fray
Betwixt him and the villainous barber.

Now, barbers and preachers, attend to my tale,
Nor stir up Dissension's hot ember;
Ye barbers no more shave on Sunday, nor fail
Ye preachers Faith's fate to remember.

June 5, 1809. J. M. L.

ELLEN; OR, THE SHIPWRECK.

One night in December, when bleak howl'd the blast,
All was cheerless and dark, and the rain it fell fast,
And Nature and Peace seem'd at war;
The sea it beat high 'gainst the rock where I stood,
And nought but black horrors encompass'd the flood,
Save the watchlight that beam'd from afar.

To the inn as I wander'd, wet, weary, and cold,
From the ruin hard by the midnight bell toll'd,
And struck my chill'd heart with affright;
Thro' the gloom I but dimly distinguish'd the form
Of a female, who seem'd not to heed the rough storm,
Nor shrink from the horrors of night.

Her loose flowing hair and thin garments were wet,
Her eyes wildly fix'd on the turf where she sat,
Her senses absorb'd seem'd in care;
"Alas! 'tis the damsel so sad and forlorn,
"Who roams from the night-fall till break of the morn,—
"'Tis Ellen, the child of Despair!"

Thus answer'd the stranger, whom curious I sought,
To account for the vision that wander'd woe-fraught,
And murmur'd her woes to the air;
"'Tis not long since poor Ellen was blooming and gay;
"O'er the rocks and the mountains would cheerfully stray,
"While her heart was a stranger to care.

" Young Edward she lov'd, he was faithful and kind,
" And peace and serenity beam'd on her mind,
" For her friends, like her lover, were true;
" But how fleeting life's pleasures, how quickly they fade!
" The stern hand of Fate, ah! who can evade?
" Both the great and the good 'twill pursue.

" Since the night big with horrors, a year is scarce past,
" When the tempest loud howl'd, and bleak blew the blast,
" And the sea it broke fearfully high;
" Sable Night spread her uttermost darkness around,—
" Nought the eye could discern, but the ear caught the sound
" Of distress the deep heart-piercing cry.

" From a vessel in danger the signal-gun fir'd;
" Soon the landsmen were rous'd, and, with one zeal inspir'd,
" All eagerly flew to the beach;
" The glare of their torches illumin'd the strand,
" The ship it was wreck'd, the boat put off to land,
" To the land never destin'd to reach.

" Long time with the billows the suff'rers contend,
" From the shore, they, alas! no assistance can lend,
" In vain all their efforts to save;
" Soon, soon the bark sunk! dismal cries rent the air,
" Death and horrors now reign amidst shrieks of despair,
" And many that night found a grave!

" Young Edward was prompt at humanity's call,
" No longer his feelings keen force could control,
" In the waves he rush'd, reckless of fear;
" The storm seem'd resistless, its fury increas'd,
" Edward's strength 'gan to fail, yet his efforts not ceas'd,
" Hope and Pity his fainting heart cheer.

" He reaches, he grasps, a poor drowning wretch!
" Who, sinking insensate, his feeble arms stretch,
" Unconscious that help was at hand!
" The youth swam thus encumber'd, hope and courage renew'd,
" With strength more than mortal his frame seem'd endu'd,
" His burden he brought safe to land.

" On the saviour, and sav'd, pray'rs and blessings are pour'd,
" And, soon as the latter to sense was restor'd,
" To thank his deliv'rer he sought;
" But pale, stiff, and cold, that deliv'rer is laid,
" From too high-wrought exertions his spirit had fled;
" His triumph was with his life bought.

" To his woe-stricken parents his lov'd corse was borne!
" Soon the tidings reach'd Ellen; by keen anguish torn,
" Of reason bereft is the maid;
" Still nightly she visits his grave so ador'd,
" For to her chill'd bosom sad peace seems restor'd
" When she rests where her Edward is laid."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Days and months have now fled, dreary winter is past,
No more from the ocean is heard the loud blast,
The soft ev'ning zephyr scarce blows;
The calm sea reflecting the clear moon on high,
Not a wave heard to dash, not a cloud veils the sky,
All Nature seems hush'd to repose.

Yet still by the ruin I see the pale form;
It seems half ethereal, by earth scarcely borne,
And its light garments float on the air:
Alas! 'tis the damsel so sad and forlorn,
Who wanders from nightfall till break of the morn—
'Tis Ellen, the child of Despair!

And still dost thou wander, poor victim of Fate!
Can time not relieve, nought thy sorrows abate?
On thee life's gay joys smile in vain;
But Religion, sweet soother, the wretch's best friend,
Whispers, "Not with this life thy existence will end,
"But thou'lt meet thy lov'd Edward again!"

Leeds. S. B.

LINES

COMPOSED BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

Whilst empires—dire disgrace! have lost their fame,
And added lustre to a Tyrant's name;
Whilst humbled nations, by one fatal stroke,
Submit, reluctant, to his galling yoke;
Whilst fallen monarchs weep their people's woes,
Mourn their hard fate, and curse their Gallic foes!
Britannia rides triumphant on the main,
Teaching her foes obedience to her reign.
From pole to pole, around each hostile shore,
In threat'ning peals her dreadful thunders roar:
Her warlike sons, secur'd by Albion's wing,
With loud applause great George's praises sing;
Our brave Allies, espousing Freedom's cause,
Defiance hurl to a proud Despot's laws:
Ev'n those (by Fate subdu'd) our foes become,
Have their *hearts* with us—but their *woes* at home!
The Despot's shafts, still drench'd in human gore,
Would wreak destruction on our sea-girt shore:
Vain threat! his arts, with treachery combin'd,
Shall forge no shackles for the free-born mind.
Britons, for ever to themselves but true,
Scorning to yield, shall triumph and subdue.

Peace courts the Despot; but, alas! in vain—
" Think nothing gain'd," he cry'd *, " till nought remain;
" On Albion's isles till Gallic standards fly,
" And all be mine beneath the azure sky."
Threats unavailing!—impotent desire!
Phaëton thus, possess'd of Sol's attire,
With mad ambition set the world on fire!
Oh, curs'd Ambition! source of ev'ry woe,
Thou, still unmov'd, seest human mis'ry flow.
But, Tyrant, mark! thy reign shall soon be o'er;
Soon shall thy fortune ebb—to flow no more!
Britain, by Heav'n inspir'd, shall mark thy tomb;
Thy laurels, blasted, ne'er again shall bloom.
Thy lawless rage in impotence shall cease,
And Freedom's cause end in a lasting Peace.

St. Helier's, Jersey. E. L. V.

LINES

ON A MOON-LIGHT EVENING.

How Luna spreads, on ev'ry side,
Her silv'ry veil of light so pale!
Her am'rous beams, how swift they glide,
To kiss each flow'ret in the vale.

Glow-worms, now, their light are shedding,
Gilding cowslips with their ray;
Around their lucid charms they're spreading,
To light the beetle on his way.

Ah! gently tread the humid ground,
Where'er the dewy drops are seen!
Ah! spare the gems, which, glitt'ring round,
Bedeck each trembling leaf so green.

Ardwick, Manchester. J. P.

* Alluding to the period of the last Negotiations.

THE POET TO HIS RUSHLIGHT.

Occasioned by hearing a Gentleman say, when a poetical Thought struck him in the Night, he got up and wrote it down.

Dear friend of the night,
Pray give a clear light,
For a thought has just come in my head,
Which I must indite,
So I'll get up and write,
Tho' I don't like to leave my warm bed.

Yet, as good lines are rare,
And these now appear
As if they would jump on their feet;
I'll e'en be so bold,
As venture the cold,
And the pencil and paper shall meet.

Methought, as I lay,
I heard a voice say,
" Awake, and make Friendship your theme;
" The blessing you prize,
" So open your eyes,
" And lose not her smiles for a dream."

I listen'd, and thought
I the phantom had caught,
When the gipsey away from me skips;
And left for my prize
But a glance of her eyes,
And a touch from her flattering lips.

O, Muse! I entreat
You the tale will repeat,
And bid the sad baggage no more
Appear in my sight,
For fear, in my fright,
I should make her acknowledge my pow'r.

Now, Rushlight! good night;
I no more want your light,
So straight will return to my bed,
Where I'll try to get warm,
And effectually charm
The maggot that's got in my head.

And next time I dream
On so airy a theme,
I will certainly put out your light;
For I never again
Will take up the pen,
When desir'd by so saucy a sprite.

AUGUSTA.

THE DOVE.—AN ODE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LASH," A SATIRE.

Go range the field, my little dove,
Go, wanton, wild, and free;
I'll sit, and tune my harp to joy,
Beneath this alder-tree.

With sparkling wine my veins are fill'd,
I feel its pow'r divine;
And Love and Fancy warm my soul,
To sing the praise of wine.

A sprightlier, yet a sprightlier note,
A glow celestial fires me;
It cannot be the force of wine,
Some god, some god inspires me.

But, hark! I hear an infant's cry,
That penetrates my heart;
A sigh that, 'midst the wildest joys,
Would bid the tear-drop start!

'Tis *Pity*, with an orphan boy,
Cold, naked, drench'd in rain!
Cease, lyre!—ah! cease thy drunken noise,
She loves a soothing strain.

Ah! now thy softly-pensive note
Flits slowly from my fingers;
It melts—it sinks into the soul,
As o'er the *chords* it lingers.

And see, my dove has caught the sound,
And cooing hovers nigh'r;
How sweet her plaintive wailings join,
Perch'd on her master's lyre!

Oh! happy Muse, to pity dear,
That wins her kind regard;
Between her breast she's lodg'd my dove,
And kiss'd the weeping Bard.

Thus all my fancy'd pleasures end,
Yet will I not repine,
Since the sweet lux'ry of a tear
Outweighs the joys of wine!

EXTEMPORE LINES

To a Lady, who is particularly fond of DRIVING, *and who invariably demands the* REINS.

TAKE heed, Eliza, what you do!
To *yield the reins* I'm glad;
But recollect, some time ago,
You *drove* me—almost *mad!*

Single-Horse Chaise, SINCERITAS.
In the Green-Lanes, Middlesex.
July 3, 1809.

IMPROMPTU LINES

On seeing a BEAUTIFUL, *though distressed little Girl, at the Grave of her Mother.*

SEE on yonder blooming rose
The dew-drop sweet appears;
Thy roseate cheek more lovely glows,
Deck'd with those pearly tears.

Remembrance of thy solemn grief
With me must ever live;
Ah! soon I'd freely give relief,
If it were mine to give.

Verge of Granta. SINCERITAS.

LINES

On the Death of a rich Jew, who was a charitable Man, written the Day of his Funeral.

O! THOU, who view'st each son of earth,
Whate'er his race, or whence his birth;
Who know'st no diff'rence in the name,
But Christian, Jew, and Turk the same,
If from the heart he truly show
His faith by pious acts below;
Who, thro' this life of good and ill,
Submissive bows, before thy will;
And, howe'er taught in early youth,
Adores Thee for the God of Truth;
Whose breast, tho' mortal faults assail,
Ne'er lets them o'er his faith prevail;
Confiding in thy power, who gave
A soul to live beyond the grave.
O, Thou! who truly know'st the heart,
Whose grace the virtuous deeds impart,

Look down with mercy on the dead,
Whose bounteous hands the hungry fed;
Who friendly cloth'd the naked poor,
Ne'er turn'd the wretched from his door;
Ne'er let the widow cry in vain,
But sooth'd the sick, and eas'd their pain;
Who us'd the wealth thy lib'ral hand
Bestow'd so free at his command
In gen'rous deeds;—for many an eye
Will weep his death, and heave a sigh;
Will mourn the man, whose actions prov'd
He ev'ry Christian virtue lov'd.
No narrow mind confin'd his store,
It was sufficient they were poor
Who sought his aid, and told their woe;
His hand was ready to bestow:
No harsh reflection damp'd the mind
Of those to whom his gifts were kind.
Oh! then, thou Ruler, high above,
We pray thy mercy and thy love
For him now resting on his bier,
Whose voice and smile no more can cheer
Those he from many woes did save,
Whose sorrow will bedew his grave;
Lamenting him, who joins, to-day,
Beneath the sod, his kindred clay;
Resting within that narrow room,
Alike of ev'ry sect the tomb.
The prince, the peasant, and the slave,
Finds peace within the silent grave,
Where free from care they meet repose,
Reliev'd from this world's anxious woes.
Oh! may all those, who sink below,
The happy satisfaction know,
And feel as good ALVAREZ must,
When drooping to their parent dust,

That oft they tried the heart to cheer,
And dry Affliction's bitter tear.
Such thoughts must sooth the dying hour,
And rob the grave of half its pow'r;
To the survivors must bestow
A real bliss, this truth to know—
That God, who judges all mankind,
A proper recompense will find
For all, whate'er the faith profess'd,
Who on this earth have done their best.

May 10, 1809. AUGUSTA.

FEMALE LOQUACITY.

And there was silence in Heaven about the space of HALF AN HOUR!
REV. viii. 1.

IN Heav'n, if St. John from truth has not swerv'd,
For half an hour silence was given;
Is it possible it could so long be preserv'd,
If WOMAN's admitted in Heaven?
If she is admitted, I much for her fear,
The *tongue* from her mouth she must sever;
Even *then*, as I think, if CLEONE goes there,
Dame Silence is banished for ever!

El Dorido, near Bakewell. JOHN HOWE.

ENIGMA.

POSSESS me complete,—your religion is gone,
And you surely have cause for alarm;
But take out both my eyes, the bus'ness is done,
I am void, and can do you no harm.

M. H.

THE RISING SUN.

How beauteous is the rising Sun!
What glories strike my ravish'd eyes!
See now his race is just begun,
With all its rich varieties.

The Lark, up-rising, tunes his song,
And swells his little notes on high;
The lowing herds the theme prolong,
And praise the God who built the sky.

The rook, with anxious care and pain,
Seeks to procure her young some food;
And, as she flies across the plain,
Proclaims aloud, the Lord is good.

Nor do the fishes of the deep
Neglect their orisons to pay;
They, waking from their wonted sleep,
Up near the surface sport and play.

The wat'ry mirror too, the grave
Of many a mother's darling son,
On bosom of the trembling wave,
Would fain reflect the rising sun.

But man, ungrateful man, forgets,
Tho' beasts, and birds, and fishes know;
He scarcely thinks how great his debts
To Him from whom all blessings flow.

Abingdon. B. S.

LAURA.

One night, when loud the thunders roll'd,
And lightning fill'd the sky;
When oft the angry tempest growl'd,
And every wind blew high;

Across a dreary waste, with fear
  Laura pursu'd her way;
While on her lovely cheek the tear
  Of rankling sorrow lay.

No home the fair-one now could boast,
  No parents' tender care;
To all her friends, a wand'rer lost,
  She nearly felt despair!

Tho' once before her youthful sight
  Hope's fairest prospects rose;
They all, alas! had wing'd their flight,
  And nought remain'd but woes.

Now up to Heav'n she lifts her eyes,
  While loudly howls the blast;
In supplicating pray'r, she cries,
  While briny tears flow'd fast:—

"O, Lord of all! who rul'st above
  "In mercy save; oh, save!
"I sinn'd; but thou art full of love,
  "Oh, snatch me from the grave!"

In vain she casts a glance around,
  Thro' Night's surrounding shade,
To find a friend to heal the wound
  That fell Misfortune made.

No human form could she behold
  Across the barren heath;
Her pallid cheek grew deadly cold,—
  She sunk inwrapp'd in Death.

Bristol, June 15, 1809. W. B. C.

LINES
ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN WHO DISLIKED CATS.

You blame me, dear friend, for admiring of cats,
Which, (except for destroying of mice and of rats,)
You say, are a creature you cannot abide,
That it is the opinion of hundreds beside:
"The beast is ungrateful," you scornfully add,
And what is ungrateful, must surely be bad;
And that all the favours I lavish so kind
Will be paid by a bite or a scratch I shall find,
'Tis true, I acknowledge, fair reasoning elf;
But say, can much better be said of yourself?
Since, thro' the whole course of creation's vast plan,
What creature exists so ungrateful as man?
I know my cat's failings, and those I excuse,
For her beauty I like, and her gambols amuse;
But the wand'ring caprice of man's fickle mind,
Can friendship, can love, or compassion, e'er bind?
And of scratches and bites, how transient the smart,
To what man, cruel man, can inflict on the heart!
Yet such the forgiveness in females that's found,
And such the soft kindness with which they abound,
So gentle in mind, to exculpate so prone,
They're blind to your faults, as they are to their own;
And tho' they of man shocking instances prove,
And know you ungrateful, yet still women love;
Like me with my cat, when I say the poor creature
Only follows exactly the bent of its nature.

G. C. M.

LINES TO A FAVOURITE LARK,
WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF A LADY.

Sweet bird! while list'ning to thy lay,
How swift the moments pass away!

Thy song begins at rise of sun,
And ev'ning finds it scarcely done.
Regret you not the fatal day
When, torn from a sad mate away
By man, who wily spread the snare,
And found in thee a prize so rare?
Condemn'd within a prison cage
To linger out thy little age;
To sit, perhaps, in sullen grief,
Disdaining for thy woe relief:
That little breast indignant swell,
'Gainst thy peace-destroyer fell;
Or, grateful for such gen'rous care,
Forget a captive's chains you wear;
Forget there's pleasure in the fields,
Pleasure that freedom only yields.
But woods and meads no more can please,
The time is past you valued these;
For years you've dwelt amid a throng,
And in a city tun'd your song.
Here, kindly tended by the fair,
No dread of either gun or snare;
Stay then, content, nor wish to fly,—
Unus'd to wander, soon you'd die.

DELIA'S REPLY TO MERCATOR.

(Vide Poet. Mag. for June, p. 92.)

For man I dress my auburn hair,
And study ev'ry grace;
For man I aim to be more fair,
And paint my youthful face.

Why does he praise external charms,
And tell me I'm divine?
And why extol my snowy arms,
And kneel at Beauty's shrine?

Did he ne'er sigh for sparkling eyes,
But value *sense* alone;
Did he ne'er vow my form a prize
For monarchs on the throne;

The *mind* would be my only care,
My first, my best, desire;
Nor would I deck my flowing hair,
If he'd my *heart* admire.

Cease then, upbraiding; your's the crime
That I for dress am fain;
Had man ne'er flatter'd forms like mine,
Woman had ne'er been vain.

DELIA.

AN INVOCATION TO MORPHEUS *,

ON A TERMAGANT WIFE.

QUICKLY, Morpheus, come to me,
And ease me from the cares of life;
It matters not whate'er your fee,
So you relieve me from my wife,

Whose tongue is ever on the go,
And, right or wrong, I'm still her slave,
And is, besides, so d—d a shrew,
I often wish her in her grave;—

And, what is worse, if I give way,
And yield to all she wishes most,
She's more outrageous ev'ry day,
And haunts my spirits like a ghost.

Then come, and, in some kindly hour,
Instil your opiate o'er her eyes;
Or with you bring Death's instant pow'r,
That I may chant—*at length* SHE LIES.

Lambeth-Road.

---

* The god of sleep.

THE RAZOR-STROP MAKER;

A PARODY ON PART OF SHENSTONE'S PASTORAL.

My benches are furnish'd with strops,
  My razors invite to sit down;
My windows are shaded with caps *,
  And my shelves are white over with down †:
I seldom have met a rebuff,
  Such keenness my razors possess;
Be the beard e'er so stubborn or tough,
  I promise to give you redress.

Not a hair on my chin is there seen,
  But smooth is the surface, observe;
Not a peach is more downy and clean,
  And the whiskers most tastefully curve.
No strop that e'er yet did appear
  Than mine can more beauties unfold;
No beards are more comely and clear
  Than of men to whom strops I have sold.

One would think all would wish to embrace
  A strop that such charms doth combine;
Of all I have seen, not a face
  Hath smoothness superior to mine.
Oh! how wishful that Jew seems to stop,
  With a beard, such a length, and so gray;
Sure he longs for my razor and strop,
  To prune the incumbrance away!

From the warehouse, the pantry, the hall,
  What strains of sharp agony flow!
From the butler, the 'prentice, and all,
  The blood streams in torrents below:

---

* Living next door to a milliner.

† Puffs.

But, if *my* famous strop should appear,
Each shaver shall cheerfully join
In saying "My razor-strop dear,
"I never from hence will resign."

Mary's found out a gift for her swain,
She has found where the *goldfinches* * breed;
His chin now will never know pain,
He now will shave cleanly indeed.
Tho' she oft her dear William had heard
Call'd a man of politeness and taste;
He ne'er can be clean, she averr'd,
Who neglects to use goldfinches' paste.

Oh! I heard her with prudence express
How a razor was due to—the chin;
That it ever attended on dress,
And she call'd it, "of scissors the twin;"
But its use such a comfort bestows,
And so little my beard I deplore,
Let me shave—and, the sooner it grows,
Methinks I shall shave but the more.

† But where can my customers stray?
Ah! where do they wander so late?
Ah! where is it safer to stay
Than my shop near the George and the Gate?
Cheapside may boast speeches as fair,
And Fleet-street-perfumery shine;
But their razors they ne'er can compare,
Nor have razor-strops equal to mine.

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* In a round wicker basket placed in the shop-window, where small boxes of paste are called "goldfinches' eggs."

† In the original this is the last verse, but the cause of the change is sufficiently obvious.

Can a beard so ungentle remain
To be stiff, when my razor applies?
Will a youth, who's not partial to pain,
My strop and my goldfinch despise?
Dear sources of comfort and wealth!
Pure streams of contentment and ease!
To Worcester * I go for my health,
Let my successors do as they please.

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN A FAVOURITE CHAIR OF DEAN SWIFT'S, BY CLIO RICKMAN.

HERE seated,—erst where Swift oft musing sat,
And form'd his *Gulliver's* immortal tale;
Or entertain'd his friends in witty chat,
Or bade sublimer topics to prevail;—
Here seated,—deep Reflection takes her range,
And contemplates the altering hand of Time;
With retrospective eye marks ev'ry change,
Since Swift here wrote his prose, or sportive rhyme;—
Here seated,—while enamour'd Mem'ry dwells
On Genius, Talent, Learning most profound,
With mortified regret the bosom swells,
And proud Humanity receives a wound,
That Swift, endow'd with gifts the wisest crave,
Should sink a senseless madman to the grave.

ON THE BURNING OF THE FRENCH BRIDGES OVER THE DANUBE, BY THE AUSTRIANS.

So proud of his conquests and absolute sway,
Bonaparté call'd Heaven to witness his glory;
The Danube he cross'd, but th' Archduke by the way
Burn'd down his *bridges*, and *abridg'd* half his story.

X. Y.

* The country residence of our hero, whither he is about to retire with a fortune.

A SONG.

TUNE—CRAZY JANE.

With hasty step and frantic action
The love-lorn Henry cross'd the vale;
His broken accents spoke distraction,
Sunk was his eye; his cheek, how pale!

Oft he'd extend his sun-burnt arms,
"Now, now," he'd cry, "I clasp my fair;
"'Tis heav'n to gaze upon her charms;"
Then ghastly smil'd, and grasp'd the air.

"She's gone," he cry'd, "I cannot find her,"
Then gave a deep horrific moan;
"Can't pity, love, or madness bind her?"
He swoon'd, exclaiming, "Emma's gone!"

Thus have we seen a flame, expiring,
More brilliant near its exit burn;
So Henry's vital flame, retiring,
Recall'd by love, seem'd to return.

"I feel, I feel," he said, "I'm dying,"
Then rais'd his eye, and saw a dove;
"Oh! do assist me," said he, sighing;
"Bear this last errand to my love.

"Tell her in death I wish to rest me
"Beneath yon hawthorn's blooming shade;
"Where with her heav'nly smiles she bless'd me,
"When first my tender vows I paid.

"All I possess, to her I leave it,
"Except this ringlet of her hair;
"I'll keep it, love it; Emma gave it;
"Yes, e'en in death, I'll keep it there."

This said, he loos'd his tatter'd garments,
And press'd the ringlet to his heart;
Death here advanc'd, to end his torments,
And with effect dismiss'd his dart.

TERMINIA.

SONNET,

MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO MISS LOUISA G*******.

(With a Copy of Hammond's Poems.)

THUS, if the tempest, from the warring spheres,
Should shake the welkin with its hideous roar;
And in thy bosom rouse ungenial fears,
Thus * would I clasp the female I adore!
Thus would I press her in my guardian arm,
To sooth the wild sensations of her breast;
Thus would I ponder on each hallow'd charm,
Till Nature lull'd the elements to rest!
For who unmov'd could ever bear to view
A woman's sweetness to the storm a prey?
Who, when the lightnings pierce the dense clouds thro',
Could steal from soft Timidity away?
If such there be, ne'er let him hope to prove
The joys of friendship, or the thrills of love!

G. S. July 14, 1809. OCTAVIAN.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

THE YOUTH for whom *Diana* sigh'd
On *Latmos'* high and ancient hill;
HE who young *Œdipus* espy'd,
And did that parent monarch kill;
The CHILD a cruel mother slew,
Then serv'd him up as food to eat;
HE who with young *Amphion* grew,
Took *Thebes*, then *Lycus* did defeat;
And HE who with *Adrastus* strove,
Ere by the hand of him he fell;
Join each initial, and they'll prove
The name of her that I love well.

Verge of Granta. SINCERITAS.

A Solution from any of your Poetical Readers will be acceptable.

* The original Sonnet was written on a blank leaf, to face the beautiful little plate belonging to Hammond's Poems (Sharp's edition).

ANSWERS TO THE CLASSICAL ENIGMA

In No. III. of the Poet. Mag. p. 148.

Your Enigma, Augusta, with care I've perus'd,
And several times on the subject have mus'd;
Having studied it well, the answer I ween,
Is Ackermann's POETICAL MAGAZINE.

J. P. *Park-street, aged* 13.

Prometheus was the man who stole
Ethereal flame, to form a soul;
And, as the poets all advance,
'Twas *Orpheus* made the forests dance.
Th' *Elysian* fields all classics know,
And *Tart'rus*, gloomy scene of woe;
In *Ithaca* the fair one toil'd,
And all her suitors' hopes beguil'd.
Cupid is that sly pow'r, whose art
So often steals th' unconscious heart;
And 'twas *Althea's* vengeful hand
At length destroy'd the mystic brand.
Lethe's the stream, whoe'er goes there,
Bids long adieu to grief and care;
Minerva next, those who deride her
Are oft suspended like a spider;
Achilles was the man who chose
A life of fame, and spurn'd repose;
The *Gordian* knot of endless cord
Was sever'd by a Conqu'ror's sword;
'Twas *Ariadne* Theseus left
On Naxos' isle, of hope bereft;
The cooling *Zephyr* flutt'ring plays,
And mitigates the solar rays;
Ixion, bold and proud, as you know,
Mistook a fleeting cloud for Juno;
The *Nightingale*, at close of day,
Warbles forth her soothing lay;

Echo's the nymph, we all can tell,
Responding from her airy cell;
If order now th' arrangement grace,
And each initial take its place,
Then op'ning to our view is seen,
Our POETICAL MAGAZINE;
Where all Apollo's vot'ries may,
Unenvied, claim a leaf of bay.

THEOPHILUS.

YOUR first *Prometheus* brings to view,
Who sacred fire from Heaven drew;
Your second, *Orpheus*, whose lyre
Would rocks, and stones, and trees inspire;
Your third presents th' *Elysian* fields,
Which to the just such rapture yields;
To black *Tartarus* next we go,
Those realms of darkness and of woe;
Then we to *Ithaca* repair,
Penelope resided there;
Cupid now appears in sight,
The source of torment and delight;
Then *Althea*, whose raging hand
Consum'd Meleager's fateful brand;
That stream, so pow'rful o'er the mind,
You will in far-fam'd *Lethe* find;
Minerva next your Muse supplies,
Goddess of wisdom and the wise;
Then great *Achilles*, fam'd in arms,
Secur'd by Thetis' pow'rful charms;
You'd next, or I've the name forgot,
Describe the famous *Gordian* knot;
And *Ariadne*, hapless maid!
Who was by Theseus' arts betray'd;
Then *Zephyr*, whose soft breathing gales
O'er summer's sultry heat prevails;

Next *Ixion*, who, on the wheel,
Was endless torments doom'd to feel;
Your Muse then gives the *Nightingale*,
Who chants at eve her mournful tale;
With *Echo* you conclude the lay,
Who, sportive, mocks each word you say.
All these initials, rightly join'd,
Present what oft delights the mind,
And give us what I think you mean,
The POETICAL MAGAZINE.

JOHANNES.

FROM Fifan plains, a youth unknown to fame
Would fain some corner of Parnassus claim,
And in his humble lay thus clearly shows
That he your Classical Enigma knows:
First comes *Prometheus*, who the god of day
Robb'd of his beams, to animate vile clay;
Orpheus is next, whose fascinating strains
Tam'd the wild tenantry of eastern plains;
Elysian fields now in bright vision spread,
Throng'd with the shadowy forms of virtuous dead;
But, ah! what dismal groans of deepest woe
Strike on my ear from *Tartarus* below!
A peerless queen in *Ithaca* once dwelt,
'Fore whom imploring suitors daily knelt,
Whose loose desires to keep in bounds she strove,
By night unrav'lling what by day she wove;
Now soft Persuasion's deity appears,
Cupid, his wings dripping with lovers' tears,
And fann'd by sighs breath'd from each wounded heart;
Quick now, *Althea*, come; as quick depart,
For *Lethe's* stream demands its share of verse,
Whose wave oblivious can all woes disperse;
Hail! Wisdom's goddess, at thy throne I bow,
Do thou, *Minerva*, with my verses flow;

Thy valu'd spirit in each couplet dwell,
And guard my stanzas from bombastic swell;
Now let the trumpets sound, beat loud the drums,
Lo! Thetis' son, the great *Achilles*, comes!
So great the clangour, I had near forgot
Next to divide the far-fam'd *Gordian* knot:
And, hark! a female voice in mournful tone!
'Tis *Ariadne* weeps her hero gone;
Propitious now, ye gentle *Zephyrs!* blow,
As into realms beneath once more I go;
Where bold *Ixion*, on his rolling wheel,
Revolving torment must for ever feel;
Far sweetest, songstress of the leafy grove!
Thy warblings wild, O *Nightingale!* I love;
At eve's still hour, upon the raptur'd ear,
Thy cadence steals, while viewless *Echo*, near,
Sends soft responses from her mountain cave,
And in the breeze the pendant branches wave.
Now, sons of Helicon! I'll take my leave,
Clear the Enigma now you all perceive;
Place each initial in its proper station,
Will spring to view that pleasing publication,
In whose rich soil, shielded from critics keen,
Parnassian flow'rs in monthly bloom are seen,
Vive Ackermann's POETIC MAGAZINE.

Cupar, Fife, July 13, 1809. W——.

Prometheus stole of heav'nly fire
Enough to kindle him a mat: h;
Orpheus strumm'd upon his lyre,
And trees and woods the sounds did catch;
Elysium the best parlour is,
Where all good folks do eat and drink;
Tartarus shews his ugly phiz,
For souls by sin dy'd black as ink;

Ithaca is the country village
Where the good lady rov'd her spinning;
Cupid, that wond'rous man of pillage,
Intrudes unseen, he is so winning;
Althea, being short of wood,
The billet stuck into the fire;
Lethe is that wond'rous flood,
Of which some men to taste desire;
Minerva has, as some folks say,
A pate quite full of wit and sense;
Achilles thought to fight a day
Was better than to live time hence;
Gordian was the knot's queer name,
Which thro' and thro' the soldier cut;
Ariadne, Don Theseus left,—oh, shame!
Upon a lonely rock—poor slut!
Zephyrus, sliding, trips about,
And tips the wink to master Gale;
Ixion made a bustling rout,
Tho' in a cloud ended his tale;
Nightingale with a song oft cheers,
When Somnus will not come to bed;
Echo repeats each thing she hears,
For instance, let this piece be read.
Join these initials, and then at them look,
And you will see the Title of this Book.

Liverpool. K.

EPIGRAM.

"YOUR coat is very short," said John,
One day, unto his brother;
"It will be *long enough*," cried Tom,
"Before I get another."

W. S——N.